

Not much of a believer  
but my Guardian Angel is. I'm  
guarding nothing at 0<sup>1</sup> in my  
new company in Korea and  
nip into a supply tent,  
fire up a stove.  
After a bit it grows hot  
and the red splotch  
by the pipe starts  
migrating in my drowsiness.  
An outside hustle snaps me to,  
and I speed through protocol:  
Halt□ Who goes there?  
Proves to be my Captain,  
and this our first meeting.  
He's a tub but has seen  
John Wayne films, twin  
45s flank mobile hips. Demands  
to know what I'm doing!  
Heard a noise and de-  
cided to investigate! Repeats  
my words with theatrical contempt,  
another hilarious routine  
to his entourage. That's  
when my GA shoves over a pile of  
crap, and Cap and Crew nearly shit.  
Drawing their weapons and  
bumping, 3 Stooges Style,  
but GA vamooses before they can

effectively make feathers fly.